

A New Craving

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Summary:

Everyone has heard of the legend of Pennywise the Dancing Clown.
But have you heard of what else he enjoys?

A New Craving

Author's Note:

this was requested as a joke and I'm seriously writing this. don't ask.

A cold, stiff breeze blew through the town of Derry, Maine. Children were ushered inside as night fell, blinds were closed, and front doors were locked. The street lamps came on as the moon began to rise, the sky darkening as time crept along. If it weren't for the recent string of murders, perhaps the town would have a less depressing air about it.

Perhaps now is the time...

A form crept out of a group of nearby trees. In the shadows, the form was nigh impossible to see, but in the light, only the children would spot the monster that crawled from the forest.

The day should be upon us...

The human-like form made its way from the trees towards the closest house, quickly pressing up against the wall. A window that had not been closed stood inches away, and the form moved closer. Peering around the corner, light struck its face as it saw what it desired.

The window showed a room, much like a dining room. There was a large table set in the middle, surrounded by chairs on every side. On the table sat piles of food: a large turkey in the middle; four different dishes had made their home around the roasted bird; a pie; mashed potatoes; green bean casserole...

There!

Just as the creature recognized what it wanted, one of the children in the room glanced towards the window and saw it. In the eyes of the child, an odd, terrifying clown was peeking over the windowsill. The child screamed and pointed, and when its mother looked, she saw nothing.

Pennywise laughed his wicked laugh and pulled himself through the

window, causing the the child to go into hysterics. It kicked and screamed and clung to its mother as she desperately tried locate the source of her child's terror.

The smell of fear was tempting to Pennywise, but he had his eyes set on something else. Something a bit more delicious, more... satisfying to his current wants. He crossed the room and towered over the table. A second child in the room, presumably the first's sibling, also began to scream. There was nothing more that Pennywise wanted to consume, nothing except...

The tantalizing green bean casserole. The smell of it hit Pennywise's nose and he desired it greatly, but there were too many people in the room. Only three were home, and all three were in the room. Pennywise slowly turned to the second screaming child, looming over it as he moved closer. The child stood, screaming and sobbing as Pennywise came within inches of its face.

"Boo."

The child screamed louder than before and darted from the room in tears. Its mother called after it, detaching the first from her leg, picking it up, and rushing after the second. A door stood open leading to the room to which the family had run, and Pennywise slunk over to it, silently shutting it.

"Ah, my sweet..."

He turned back to the table, a sudden throbbing in his pants. The casserole caught his eye again and the throbbing intensified. He wasn't here for a child's flesh. Not tonight.

"I was wondering when I'd see you."

Pennywise laughed and launched himself at the table, clearing the room instantly and knocking into the hard wood surface. He swiped everything out of his way and focused on the casserole, drooling uncontrollably as the throbbing greatedened.

"Tonight... I have you!"

He laughed maniacally before tearing off his pants to reveal his

erection, his excitement at the idea of taking a casserole. Steam rose off the dish, entailing that it had only just come out of the oven. The thought of sinking himself deep into such a warm, enticing object caused his erection to twitch.

"You're beautiful, oh yes, oh yes you are!"

Pennywise leapt up onto the table and kneeled in front of the casserole, prodding it curiously with his gloved finger. The texture seemed extraordinary, causing his heart to pound in anticipation. He remained kneeled before throwing his body over the casserole, holding himself up before dropping his hips, letting a loud growl rise from his throat as his length sunk into the soft, delectable food.

"Oh yes, oh yes! How I've waited for this moment!"

He shifted his grip, grasping the edges of the hot glass dish as he brought his hips back up slowly, the sensation of the casserole trying to drag him back into it almost unbearable. He waited a second before plunging his length back into the casserole, repeating this motion a handful of times.

This is better than the flesh of a child.

Pennywise cackled madly as he rapidly rose and dropped his hips, sliding his erection sloppily through the casserole, his grip on the dish the only thing preventing it from sliding away from him. The table creaked in protest as he continued, loud growls of pleasure erupting from his throat.

"What a perfect casserole for Daddy!"

Pennywise let one long, continuous growl slide from his lips before an intense wave of pleasure caused him to shove his hips roughly against the glass, shattering it. The casserole began to fall away from his length.

"It's too perfect!"

He let out a roar and bucked his hips madly a handful of times more before releasing the shattered glass and gripping the sides of the table. spurts of cum shot from his length and coated the casserole.

Pennywise cackled again and released his grip on the table, throwing himself off the wood and marveling at his work. The table had cracked and there were shards of glass everywhere. The casserole was in mushy pieces, but it wasn't something that could be fixed. Returning to his pants, Pennywise quickly pulled them back on before reaching to repair the casserole and glass dish. When he was done, the only hint that he had ever been there was a sheen on the casserole, a reminder that he existed.

There was a sudden sound at the door as soon as Pennywise finished it, and as he looked over, the handle was turning.

Until we meet again...

As the door opened, Pennywise had already slipped back out the window. The children returned, their faces bright with excitement. Their mother followed, as well as their father who had just returned from work. The family settled around the food and the mother began serving. Pennywise peered in one last time to see the father taking a bite of the casserole.

Perhaps I'll return for the children. Until then...

Pennywise turned to leave, grinning ear to ear at the cries of the two children, knowing that their father would have collapsed from consuming the tainted casserole. His mad cackling filled the air, breaking the silence in Derry. Nobody heard the expression of joy, but it didn't matter. His job was done.